

Concerned Mothers



THE Party Hopping Valkyries PAGE



OUR ADDRESS IS: CONCERNED MUTHERS, PO BOX 385A, SURBITON, SURREY, KT6 7YJ, UK

Hello, dear, dear reader, and welcome to the sixth issue of CONCERNED MUTHERS. Sina here! We'd really wanted to have this out a month or so ago, but I was busy with my daring and dynamic escape from Homophobic Het Boy's School Hell and transferring to my new 6th Form College, where I'm much happier... not that it's perfect but it's a giant leap forward from that place.

... Maybe someday I'll write or draw something about that place but right now it upsets me to even think about it. No shit. Hey, if anyone has any nightmare high school stories they'd like to share (comix, writing or poems) I'll gladly print them in a future issue. Big apologies to everyone I haven't written to for ages because of these little earthquakes, I swear I'll catch up to y'all soon.

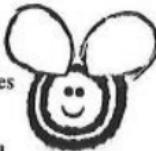
I just turned 18 the other day (Oct 22nd) and actually had a party! See, since the only people I knew for such along time were bastards from that school and I had no friends till about a year ago, I'd stopped having parties. But, I just had a party! Yay! Speaking of 18, I'm putting together an AGE OF CONSENT BENEFIT COMIC so I NEED you all to send me comic strips about the shittiness and injustice of our current homophobic Age of Consent laws. The deadline for submissions is June '95.

If yr wondering how Sara (Syd) is, I just asked her and she looked up at me like she was drugged and said hesitantly, "...I'm well...?" She wants you all to know she went to Reading and was at the front when Hole played and Courtney Love looked at her wildly while singing. Sara's just finished compiling a mega 60-page zine, POINTLESS, full of comix, art, stories, poems + lots more. For a copy send £1 + A5 SAE (2x19p stamps) to our address.

And ofcourse any kind of contributions to regular issues of CONCERNED MUTHERS are welcomed with OPEN ARMS. Big luv and thanx to all the contributors to THIS issue, and everyone who came to my party and who writes to me and is my friend.

Luv,

Sina ♡ ☺



The SECRETS of YO! GAY SUPERHERO!

by BUD LARSEN ©'92

ASIDE FROM THE MAGIC WORD,
(WHICH I CANNOT REPEAT HERE...)
THE GIFTS, WEAPONS, AND COSTUME OF YO! CONSISTS

A WAY COOL BODY SUIT
FROM MAU, CATMAN
FROM MARS. THIS FINE
GARMENT IS WOVEN OF
A MIRACLE FABRIC
WHICH KEEPS THE BODY
ALWAYS AT 98.6° —
IT STRETCHES LIKE RUBBER
IS LIGHTWEIGHT
AS GLOSSAMER,
BREATHES LIKE
COTTON, AND
NEVER WEARS
OUT.



THIS PARTICULAR BODY SUIT
IS A JOLTING SHADE OF
RIVETING VIOLENT PURPLE!
— (CATMAN HIMSELF
PREFERS YOUR BASIC BLACK,
BUT HIS FATHER WAS BURIED
IN THAT ONE.)



AND:

THE
JOCK-
STRAP
OF

FABIO

TESTOSTERONE, WHICH
RENDERS A PERSON
DROP DEAD
GORGEOUS... AND
GIVES ONE THE
SEXUAL PRIMESS OF AN
ELEPHANT IN MUST.

...THE SANDALS OF THE PAPARAZZI.
ENABLES ONE TO FLY OVER THE HIGHEST
BALCONIES, LEAP THE TALLEST WALLS, AND
CROSS THE WIDEST
CONTINENTS.



...THE THREE RINGS OF TOTAL AND
ABSOLUTE POWER! CONSISTING OF THE
COCKRING OF PRIAPUS —
CAUSES ITS WEARER'S COCK
TO BE ALWAYS 4" LONGER
THAN HIS PARTNER'S... +2"
THICKER THAN HIS WRIST.



THE RING OF
HYPNOS — RENDER'S
THE VICTIM UN-
CONSCIOUS (THOUGH
STILL ABLE TO ACHIEVE AN
EROSION, MOAN PITIFULY,
AND REACH SEVERAL CLIMAXES.)



YOUR
TOTAL
RING OF TRUTH! — THE VICTIM MUST TELL THE
WHOLE TRUTH! (DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT...)

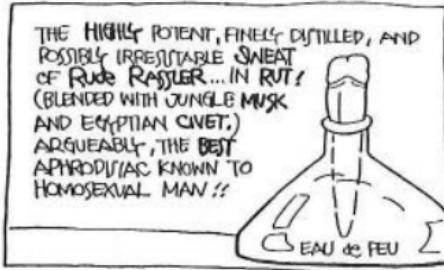
THE MAGIC CAPE OF
NIJINSKY —
WHICH ENABLES ONE TO
DANCE LIKE THE WIND!
(NUFF SAID!)



HAVE ONE

A SIMPLY EXQUISITE NECKLACE OF
PERFECTLY MATCHED PEARLS. (FOR MEN.)





'bud by'



YOU



I see you in sunlight
Wearing nothing but your smile
We come together, hold each other tight
Still- my heart and yours, seperate by a mile

My tongue between your legs, my fingers through your hair
For all tonight we are together, our passions lay bare
I look into your eyes, see only...
The pleasure bursts through my cock - I no longer care.

No one I know would believe this is me.
They believe in a world of marriage, career, bingo and tv
There's more to life than that
Secret crushes, knowing looks, the feel of your skin:
that's the world I'm in
There's a lot to be said for living in sin.

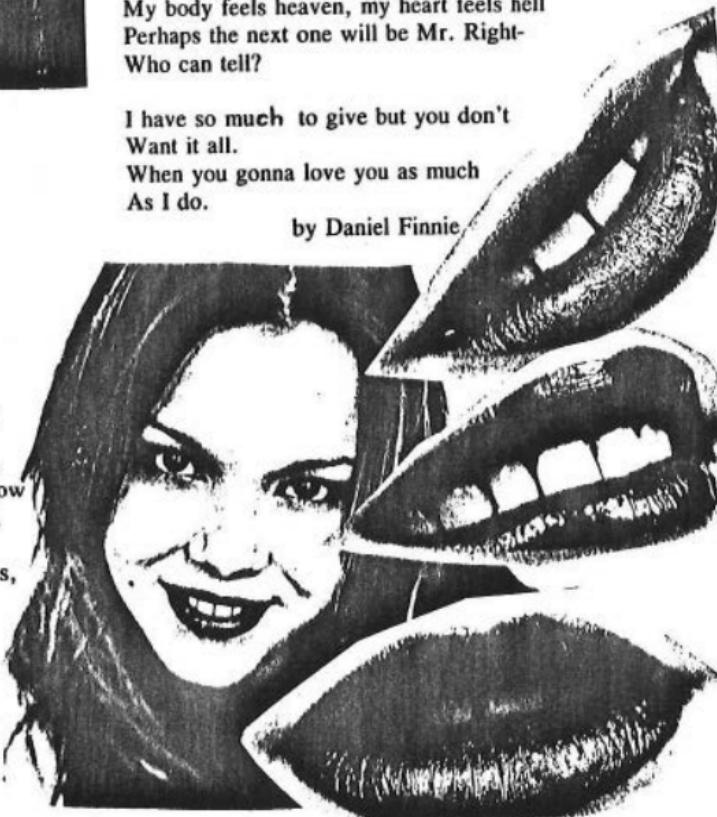
Won't stop making love. Can't seem to find love.
My body feels heaven, my heart feels hell
Perhaps the next one will be Mr. Right-
Who can tell?

I have so much to give but you don't
Want it all.
When you gonna love you as much
As I do.

by Daniel Finnie

I SEE A SMILE,
her hair brushed
back carelessly;
there is a light
in her eyes I feel
I alone can see.
Her finickyness,
her blustering,
all her faults
are a part of me.
she dances lightly;
guiltily I watch.
my love must end,
she must never know
that to one person,
her body,
one among millions,
was brighter than
all the stars,
that her life will
burn in my heart
forever.

gloria ♀





CONFORMITY

PAGE BY "ANONYMOUS DUDE"

FUCK SEXUAL CONFORMITY

J.D.'S TRIBUTE

I think sometimes my parents think I sniff glue, cause whenever I see a guy with long hair, I immediately eye them up and go into a world of my own thinkin bout what I'd like to do to him, and all my parents see is a guy with long hair. I think they might understand if it was a leggy blond girl. A prime example was the other day in Waitrose I was at the check-out and on the till next to mine was this guy with long black/brown hair and I started to mentally undress him and feel his warm body naked against mine. Then my thoughts were destroyed by a member of my family calling me "useless" because I wasn't putting the shopping into the plastic bags. Oh well c'est la vie. Bye,

Jaymez

Peace + Love + Liberty



THE GOOGRA GUSTAS ON CHILDREN'S TV

by JODIE

D'YOU WANT TO HAVE A SM SESSION?
YOU CAN SEE MY NUMEROUS BODY PIERCINGS AFTER THE SHOW.



REVIEWS by SYD PROSPEROUS (SARA), PRINCESS LIEA (of BABYDOLL fame) and CANDY THE PLASTIC S&M DOLL.

SANDLADDER 3-track demo/EP "Descent"

Sandladder are: Joe Sanchez (vocals & guitar), Glen Rowe (drums) and Mark Pember (bass). This band's vocals sound a bit like Eddie Vedder in parts --- especially when Joe goes "Your decisions/ your religions that you weh-eh-eh-ear," --- that is if Pearl Jam were any good. "Descent" starts calmly and with softish grunge rock (focussing on the melodic side of grunge) male vocals ("descent is marked/ your scars are just like mine") then gets a bit louder and then softer again, kinda acoustic in parts and heavier in others. But because it's rocky I don't like it as much as the other two songs, but there is this one bit of humming right at the end where the bloke who's singing sounds just like Kurt and it's really nice. "Apple," the second song is probably my favourite. It starts with a few pretty guitar chords that remind me of Heart's album from '79 and although the drums and bass come in and have their fun but the pretty chord is still there. The vocals are fast gentle and mumbly like whispering, then it's just the bass (on the chorus bit) and Joe singing "I won't be there," and then goes a bit heavy into, "any mo-ho-whore" and "you are not me - hey," cool. "Jasmine" though is gorgeously mellifluous - lovely guitar, then comes shy drums, then bass - and then Joe sings really beautifully and sleepily, "I am a selfish fool," unlike the others it stays gentle, "The garden(er) takes me with a ki-hiis." This is enjoyable to listen to, kinda stressful and we like it a lot. Sandladder's EP "Descent" should be out kind of like NOW and you'll find it in record shops like Rough Trade and Beggars Banquet.

THE MORGANS - SAY 12*

The Morgans, on their own label Daft Pope, are a queer band from Sidcup. The record cover itself is really creative and interesting with a naked gay Jesus and nuns in gasmasks. The intro to the A-side "Say" sounds like a slowed-down Elastica. The vocals are reminiscent of Kristen Hersh/Throwing Muses and powerful but in different way from Kristen and on the long notes sound a bit like Minxus wail that's really good. The song is kind of stressed and charismatically sang "I'd like to feel the cold pain of yr tears... I'd like to watch you as you SCREEAM." The B-side "TV Resistance" is my favourite though. The song seems to be about TV controlling our lives etc., opening with "Close my eyes and pray for silence" and with lyrics like "If you want your kids to have sweet dreams keep them from their lighted screens" and "I just can't help the things I'm told" sung sweetly in a poppy Belly/Throwing Muses style that is yummy. But apart from the lyrics the song has an amazing atmospheric feel, like a moon dripping wax on a high building in the night. The only thing that stops the songs from being great twisted pop is that they're both kinda long and repeat the chorus too much but who wants to be a conformist anyway. This is lovely and no home should be without one, details from: Daft Pope, PO Box 363, Sidcup, Kent, DA14 4SX.

FIZZ WIZZ popping candy

-is God's gift to Candy, it's amazing! It explodes — as soon as you put it in your mouth, it's alien, it's twisted, it's freakish, it's yummy and perverted and is sure to keep all you candy-lover lovers out there kissing sweet, highly recommended for confusion and cheap thrills. Can be got from your local newsagent/sweetshop and if they don't have it they're bastards.



MINXUS the band, reviewed by SINA (he's only 18 but he's a TEEN-AGED QUEEN)

Minxus have been around for a little while under various names, and just this year have had out a couple of singles on the Too Pure label --- "Steal Steal Steal" and the latest one, "Silk Purse." Sara saw them when they supported Mambo Taxi at the Garage (without me), and I chanced upon them at a free gig at Rough Trade. I danced and danced! The music is great, with vrumming and zummung guitar and bass and a strong clackety-clattering drum-beat going to create an electric, discordant sound. In a way I could say their music slightly reminds me God-Is-My-Co-Pilot in places, though not as innovative and weird. Still I love it. The lead singer also plays bass and has this really groovy black Cleopatra hair-do, and has this voice that is sometimes kind of a sweet la-la scream and then a screechy wail. I like the one that goes "Give me back my mind, yours doesn't suit me anymore," kind of soft and slow and then "GIMME BACK GIMME BACK GIMME BACK what you owe..." The guitarist's kinda tall and skinny and sings on some of the songs as well. I like the way sometimes their songs are slow and then go crazy for a while, then slow again, then really chaotic and then suddenly stop. Just last night (Oct 22nd, my birthday) they played at Bacchus wine-bar in Kingston and I danced right through their set, I swear I thought they were trying to kill me. Minxus make me dance wildly, so go and find their singles at a Rough Trade or beggars Banquet near you. Also see them live if you can, especially in a hot place, as they've got a cute drummer who always takes his shirt off... Hee hee hee. Check 'em out.

JOHN FROM THE GOOGRA GUSTAS
ADVERTISES DOG FOOD...



JOHN + HIS DOG
FIDO ARE BEST
FRIENDS...



THEY LOVE TO
PLAY TOGETHER...

AND THEY BOTH LOVE
TO EAT 'MATE' DOG FOOD...



MATE DOG
FOOD...

FOR TRUE
MATES.



The punters who unsuspectingly went to see the drag show at the Vauxhall Tavern in September were in for something that was probably not what they'd expected: the professional debut of the fabulous Amy Lame, world's first ever Lesbian Drag Queen. "This is the rebirth of Drag," she told us all, and all customers were given a copy of Amy's Lame glam zine at the door.

The first time ever I saw Amy Lame, I thought the sun rose in her eyes, and the moon and the stars were the gifts she gave to the dark and the endless sky... well, not quite, but I'm sure she'd appreciate the Roberta Flack reference. But the point is, the first time I ever saw her was a few years ago, and I could sense that beneath that busy-First-Out-cafe-waitress exterior was a bubbling and incredibly cool talent. I think it was her American accent that clinched it for me. So I put her in my A-Level Art painting about cafes. Then at Winter Pride '93 I met Amy again at a T-shirt stall and told her I'd put her in my painting - she was really friendly.

Then a few weeks after Pride '94, my friend David told me that Amy Lame, the world's 1st Lesbian Drag Queen, was coming to our coming-out group New Beginnings, to do us a free show. I saw a few publicity photos of her, but I'm ashamed to say didn't recognize Amy in drag! But when we met just before her show, entitled "Gay Man Trapped In A Lesbian's Body", she did remember me! And what a show it was! Combining the story of Don Quixote, a fat chick in specs, a fetish for gingham, and the quest for queer identity, and making it funny, is no mean accomplishment. Amy has a fixation on Doris Day... "a girl who likes girls - just like me," in Amy's own words... although she thinks Judy Garland is over-rated. Although she did wear gingham and skip all the way through the Wizard of Oz, Amy thinks Judy is way too butch and that "all that trouser-wearing did her no good."

Amy's so cool... she has no truck with queers in-fighting and thinks fags and dykes are made for each other. Her show is full of comedy and hilarious lip-synching but without bitchy put-downs, and topped off with the message that we should all hug ourselves and love ourselves exactly the way we are! Here here!

And now, what next for Amy Lame? Her new show "Big Girl's Blouse" debuts at the London ICA on Monday 12 December (one night only folks) and then goes on to the Vauxhall Tavern (just outside Vauxhall British Rail station) on 8, 15 and 22 December. See ya there!

by SINA

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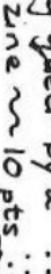
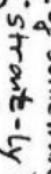
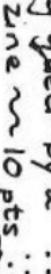
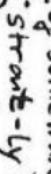
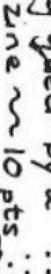
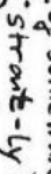
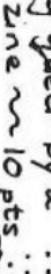
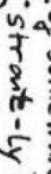
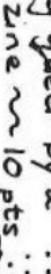
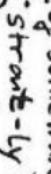
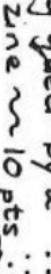
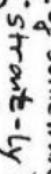
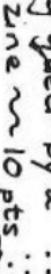
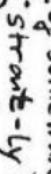
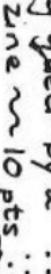
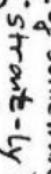
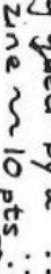
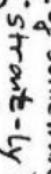
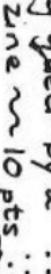
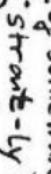
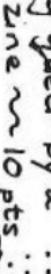
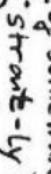
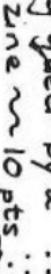
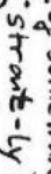
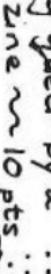
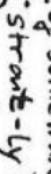
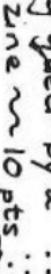
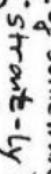
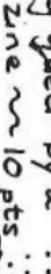
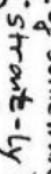
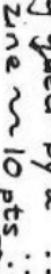
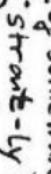
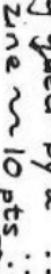
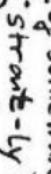
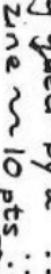
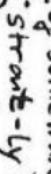
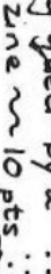
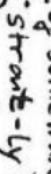
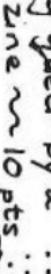
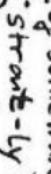
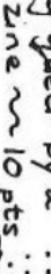
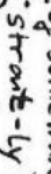
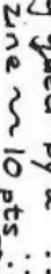
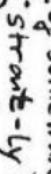
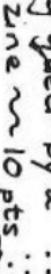
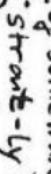
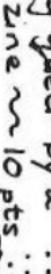
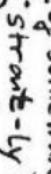
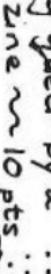
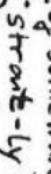
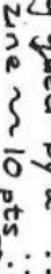
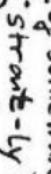
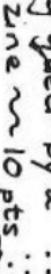
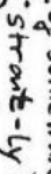
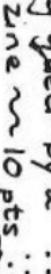
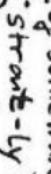
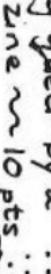
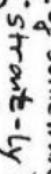
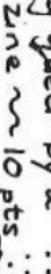
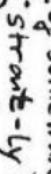
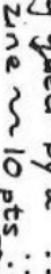
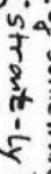
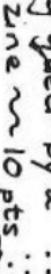
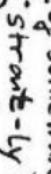
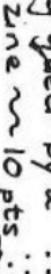
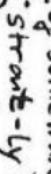
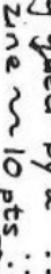
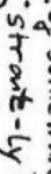
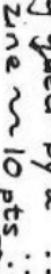
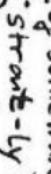
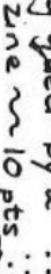
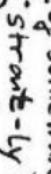
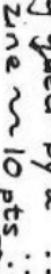
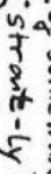
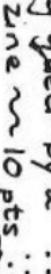
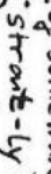
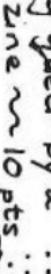
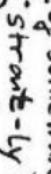
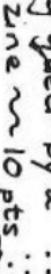
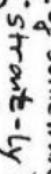
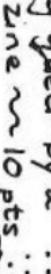
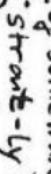
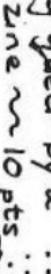
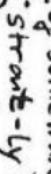
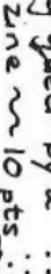
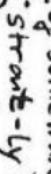
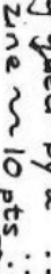
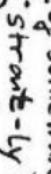
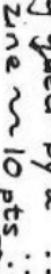
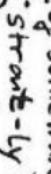
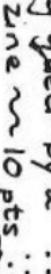
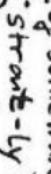
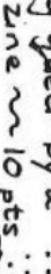
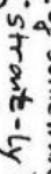
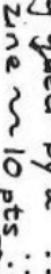
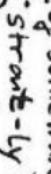
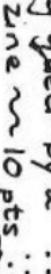
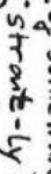
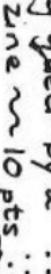
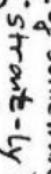
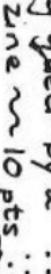
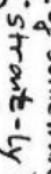
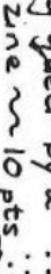
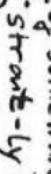
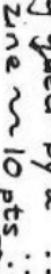
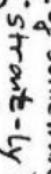
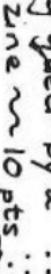
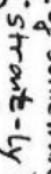
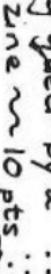
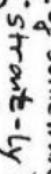
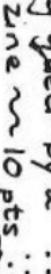
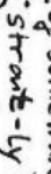
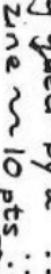
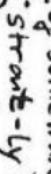
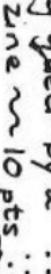
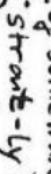
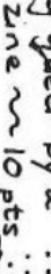
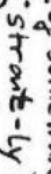
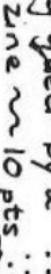
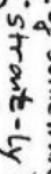
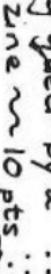
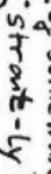
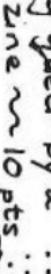
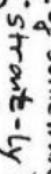
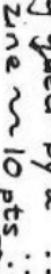
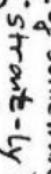
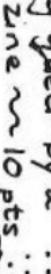
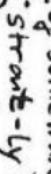
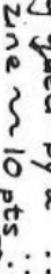
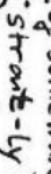
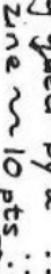
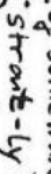
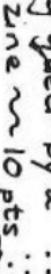
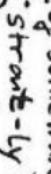
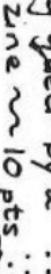
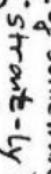
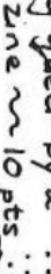
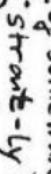
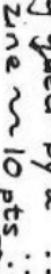
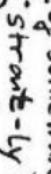
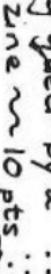
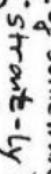
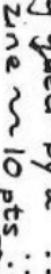
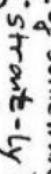
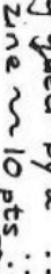
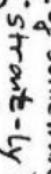
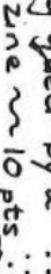
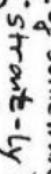
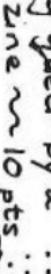
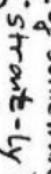
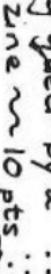
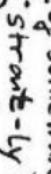
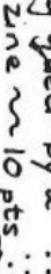
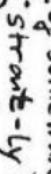
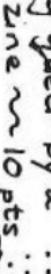
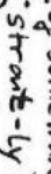
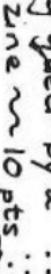
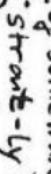
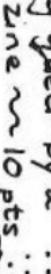
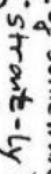
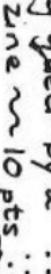
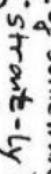
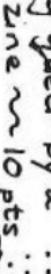
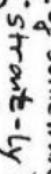
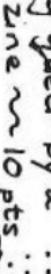
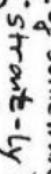
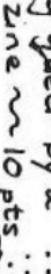
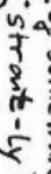
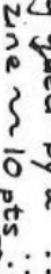
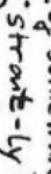
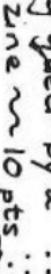
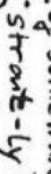
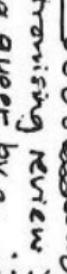
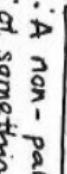
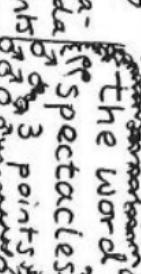
I S P Y

THE NEW
FANTASY
FOOTBALL
ALTER~
NATIVE
play it
anywhere!



CHRIS EVANS

"more fun than masturbation" John
Marsay ad. 0.00001 point



85 CRAPPEST THINGS IN THIS WURRLD^{oo} (GET OUT YOUR MAGNIFYING GLASS)!!

Michael
Portillo
-great



The price of PRITT
sticks - tut! tut!

18+ AGE
OF CONSENT



'PLAYDAYS' oh for
the Playschool era!
purely patronising.

~~SPLIT END~~

(P The empty
of politics
great quote
Raine

CLASSIC
FM

great quote
Craig Raine

Homopus

A cartoon illustration of a mouth with a speech bubble. The mouth is open, showing teeth and a tongue. The speech bubble contains the text "AARGH hitting a funk".

100

a fork
on your
teeth

卷之三

hts
sex
ing

LUVING
SOMEONE WHO
IS STRAIT

When straights
of your own sex
shun you, thinking
just because you're
gay you want
to fuck them

EREMY
EADLE
AND BRUCE

1 H.O. FORSYTHE CO-
H.O. H.O. PRESENTING A
SHOW

SPOTS

Watching TAMPAX /
SIMPLICITY ads with
some one of the opposite
sex . . .

• VERTIGO -
• By the sound
• of it, SYD?!?

Famous first words - Oh shit! (Crash) - and we're locked in the toilets,

"Jesus! You don't need to stick it up your arse!", "I'm playing it like a comedy", then they're peering under the door, "You two! Get out!", Martin's still pulling up his trousers "Well thankyou for interrupting us, dear" while he walks with a stylised gait and the guard pulls him closer, "Oh!", and starts a search, "this man's a genius, he's found an erogenous zone already", "Can't find it", and the same meaning from the one searching me, "here's your things", "and dont do it in our toilets again, they're not for...", "What?", "Just get out..." as they run from the room.

Life's like a film, no a play: the actors stumble onto the stage, fumble, mumble, and the partial audience sleeps and start-wakes throughout, sometimes aware. I remember sitting at my desk, watching the slow light fade. Life without an audience is like that. Of course, it isn't real.

Rockets thunder into the city, dust falls around frozen bodies, future fossils; the sky starshot, we stumble over the rubble, through strewn photographs. I'm worrying about security, and nearly loose balance when slippage veers my perspective.

"I'm worried", "I know, it's hard", "What of mis-interpretation?", "Delivering an unwilling forced messiah", "eutrophied gene stock", "Salvation", "A judgement of intentions". Jerky-film missile light, I watch Martin flicker onwards: he'd never get anywhere otherwise.

Confusion means we needn't avoid, we're lost, sitting in a grove of olive trees, speaking in gusts when an old man who dreams of platinum anchors enters; I'm distant, aware of fantasy precedents, and, naturally, he starts being ignored. "We need a saviour" "When... shall we leave?" "the world is ready..." "I think we should wait for daylight" "for him to help us see..." "and sleep..." "...for the flesh is willing though we'd rather save ourselves."

A parrot wakes us, asking to accompany, and I like it, so my shoulder's a perch - he proves to be an excellent guide: witty, informed, well read. Eventually, I ask him how he can converse, and a love story ensues: "I belonged to a man named Silver, and believed all kinds of nonsense, and fell in love when first we visited Persia. The ship's cat drowned there, it was ugly and stupid, but it had taught me all it knew of the birds and the cats. He was beautiful, my Persian cat, and I tortured myself wishing for a normal sexuality: I couldn't ask him to sleep with me, for no matter how much my intellect and my reading told me feeding must be fundamentally sexual, that he might eat me did not seem in the least erotic. And so, from questioning my species, I arrived a scepticism and discovered that I exist." "At knowledge?" "Indeed" "Where are we now?" "Gilder street. There used to be some good book shops here, before the war." "Why is it so quiet now?" "The freedom fighters must hide in the hills during the day. I hope you succeed in your quest" and leaves. We board a transwasteland rowing boat, and it takes us to...

A huge, decaying theatre, with death stalking us through the rotten plush, rain and dirt falling onto my face, "I can hear the crowd", and we're in the tower. "How did we get here?" "We're lost" "He's near", and we're running, clanking cold heating pipes have worn away the plaster, underfoot crackles. And. The stage. I thought so; performers now include the audience, and death. The actors bemused, afraid?, look on from a semi-circle, "We have come to free you!" "Look!" holds aloft the test-tube, all can see amazingly! an active sperm, spiralling, echoing. "?" "Don't you see? This is your freedom" "Thankyou" and walk out, no claps.

Death asks "No worries about interpretation?" and there aren't.

by ELYTRON

PRECIOUS THINGS

CLOSER

CLOSER

WE'RE GETTING CLOSER
TO THE PLANET SOGO.

IN OUR LITTLE
SPACESHIP,
CLOSER...

WE'RE NEARLY THERE...

GOBBY, WE'RE
NEARLY THERE.

YEAH,
KAL.

I KNOW.
YOU SURE
YOU WANNA
GO BACK
THERE?

SINA

I HAVE TO GO BACK,
JUST TO SEE THE
OLD PLACE, GOBBY.

HE DOESN'T KNOW HE
DOESN'T KNOW WHAT
I'M GOING TO DO.

I THOUGHT YOU
WANTED TO EXPLORE
SPACE.

I DID, I DO, BUT
IT'S ALL GONE BY
SO FAST...

I HADN'T SEEN MAX
FOR AGES, AND WHEN
I SAW HIM IN HELL...

WE DIDN'T GET
A CHANCE TO
TALK...

WE NEVER GOT TO
TALK ABOUT JANIS,
OR SATIN, OR...OR...

GOBBY, HE WAS MY
BEST FRIEND, AND
I NEVER EVEN TOLD
HIM WHY I LEFT
PUG...!

AWW...

GOBBY KNOWS
WHY I LEFT...

ON PUG,
I WAS
MARRIED
TO A MAN
... HIS NAME
WAS SATIN
... WE
WERE
MADLY
IN LOVE.

... BUT SATIN
BECAME ILL...
AND FINALLY
DIED...

I LEFT MY
HOMETOWN,
BECAME A
WANDERER,
WHICH IS HOW I
MET DIPESTO,

VELDA,

AND MAX...

BUT EVEN WITH THESE NEW
FRIENDS, PUG STILL HELD
BAD MEMORIES FOR ME. I
LEFT IN A LITTLE SPACESHIP...

HEADING FOR THE STARS...



GOODBYE,
PUG... MAYBE
NOW I CAN
HAVE A LIFE!

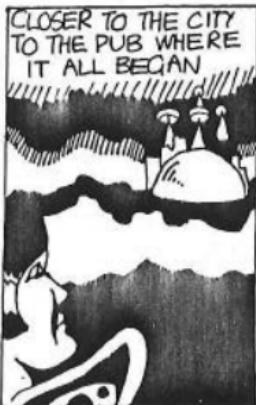
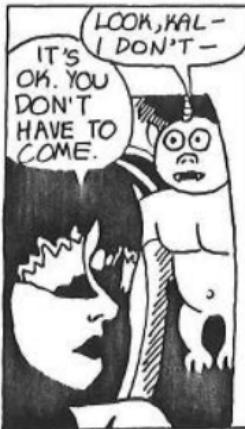
BUT I LOST CONTROL
OF THE SHIP--CRASH-
LANDED ON SOGO--



I'D'VE DIED IF
GOBBLEDIGOOK HADN'T BEEN
FLYING BY — AND
SAVED ME!...

KAL-
VERE
LANDING.

I KNOW,
GOBBY.





WE DIDN'T KNOW THAT GAVYN'S NEXT STEP WAS TO MAKE US EXOTIC WHORES FOR HIS PUB'S CLIENTELE...

IT'S AMAZING THAT SOMETHING AS PRECIOUS AS SEX CAN SO QUICKLY BECOME...

...SO COMMON...
...SO DESPISED...



AND SO WHEN MAGGIE CAME ALONG AND OFFERED US A JOB AS HER CONCUBINES WE JUMPED AT THE CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM SOGO...

NOT REALIZING SHE WANTED US BECAUSE SHE NEEDED OUR MAGICKAL ENERGIES TO POWER HER ORB OF NIGHT...
FOR HELL TO CONQUER EARTH...



BUT THAT'S FINISHED—
WE DEFEATED MAGGIE—
AND NOW I'M BACK AT THE PRECIOUS PUB WHERE ALL THIS STARTED.



FOR BUD LARSEN

TO BE CONCLUDED...

ZINE + COMIX Reviews by SINA

There are so many good zines to review, and so little time and space. So, I'm gonna mainly review the new ones I've discovered/received in the past couple of months.

SEVERELY TWISTED #1. This reminds me of a hideous accident between an ordinary Queercore zine and a Prisoner Cell Block H fanzine, with some kitsch thrown in for good measure. It's great! £1 + A4 SAE to 156 Blackstock Rd., London, N4 2DY, UK.

BUDDIES #5. Britain's premiere gay comic has a new issue out, after a year's wait. It's really a fanzine, since the editor Howard Stangroom is printing it off his own back. As well as the usual great strips from Howard, Steve Lowther, Bob Lynch, Groc and Rick Campbell, I was particularly taken by Craig Conlan's "Helle's Belles." It has Tank Girl-esque artwork and is all about the adventures of Juicy Froot, young drag queen, ex-superhero and glamour boy. A cute read. £1.75 (cheques only I think, made payable to DC Martin) to Buddies, 30 Memorial Avenue, Stratford, London, E15 3BT, UK.

JUST PLAIN QUEER #1. Jaymez, who wrote a piece in this issue, has just started this cool new queerzine. EEE! I love it when a new queerzine appears. It comes across like Jaymez's personal diary and is littered with hunky half-naked guys. In the first issue, Jaymez drools over various long-haired dudes, flirts with the great great grandson of Victor Hugo (I shit you not) and gives tips on how to spend a cool summer day on the beach with yr boyfriend. 50p + A4 SAE from James, 5 Temple Rd., Windsor, Berks, SL4 1HP, UK.

COMEUPPANCE #1. By Wonderqueer Chris, a boy after my own heart - he quite obviously loves Wonder Woman and comics in general. There are essays on sexism and homophobia generally, but what really got to me were the many pages of personal experiences which just bleed with pain, anger and emotion. Comeuppance #1 is a split issue with another zine, Upslut, by Christine Doza. It's similar to Comeuppance, from a Dyke/Grrl point of view. And the middle pages of Comeuppance/Upslut are full of photos of Chris and Christy being cute and sassy - get this zine! Send \$3 to cover postage to Chrisqueer, c/o Ohnesorge, 1 Meadoway, Bronxville, NY 10708, USA.

WAD #2. Subtitled "Tales of a Teenage Gaywad", this is by Chris Becerra, who is pals with Wonderqueer Chris, and these boyz do seem to be on the same wavelength. Wad is a fat 40 pages long, full of anger at homophobic hettie society, with rsasnts we all can relate to: getting hassled by homophobes and school, feeling outcast, worrying about telling your parents. There's lots of introspective writing, a cartoon called thinking boy, about one guy's coming out process, an interview with Wonderqueer Chris and Christy Doza, and my favourite: Ms. Chris' Top 10 Things to do in public to detect the Wussies among us... which include picking yr scabs, talking openly about yr secret love for Fleetwood Mac, and playing with yourself... "I love the way people try to ignore it." Send \$3 OR a trade to WAD, c/o Chris Becerra, PO Box 80061, Lincoln, NE, 68501-0061, USA.

YR FACE + MY ASS #3. US Queer Anarchist zine. Lots of cut-up graphics and essays, such as... "Punk As Fuck", which is about how straight punks, radical as they want to make pout they are, are still homophobic; "The Mystic Rites of Ennui that Faggots Celebrate"; An open letter from Subhumyn to every rednekk who's ever fucked with me... Queers bash back! his is not an empty slogan, this is a warning... and lots more. \$2 to YFMA, PO Box 80089, Minneapolis, MN, 55408, USA.

GINGER #1. Another new UK Queerzine, this one is by veteran gay cartoonist Groc, and is really funny. Articles: in praise of kids TV show "What's Up Doc?" which Groc convincingly argues is queer as fuck, and in criticism of Britain's insane homophobic censorship laws. And ofcourse great comix, including Geek Porn - sexy accountants who want nothing more than to do yr accounts and make you sweat - and the adventures of Helga, the perverted sicko sado dipsy lesbo guinea pig from HELL! 60p + A5 SAE to Groc, 18A Hartley Rd., Radford, Nottingham, NG7 3AD, UK.

SAV & KATH - A LUV STORY. The latest offering from (straight) cartoonist Bob Lynch, about the development of the relationship between Bob's hero Sav Sadness and Kath, ex-witch, ex-mad scientist, current radioactive sapphic superheroine. Bob Lynch's comix weirdly dreamlike style never fails to crack me up!! 90p + A5 SAE to Bob Lynch, 87 Heddington Grove, London, N7 9SZ, UK.

BULLES GAIES #1. French fag cartoonist Jean-Paul Jennequin is a real sweet guy and his comix are neat too, and slightly surreal. Someone told JP that gay comix would only be "art" when they're not about guys cruising and having sex. In response to this bit of nonsense, JP did this comic, which is only about guys cruising and having sex! The first story is about two men in love, and a telepathic lizard. The second story in BG begins the adventures of Jonathon, a queer teenager who goes around with a little creature who talks to him and gives him advice. They decide it's time for Jonathon to finally get laid! Though BG is all in French, JP has thoughtfully included a supplement in English to explain these great strips. 25 francs (in French cash) to BG, c/o JP Jennequin, 24 rue Léon Frot, 75011, Paris, FRANCE.

LICKITY-SPLIT #1. The lean clean bisexual zine from Ms. Jeremy Dennis and Mr. Damian Cugley. Both have done strips for this, as well as a rambling rant by Jeremy about her blue crushed velvet DM boots, and articles by Damian on political correctness, and how people slag off "labelling" and mock "the whole idea that someone might find comfort in finding a word for how they differ from their straight peers." Bravo! 50p + A5 SAE to Damian Cugley, 255B Banbury Rd., Oxford, OX2 7HN. Jeremy & Damian do lots of other queer comix too, and ofcourse compile the British queerzine list QZ.

SCATHE #5. Free expression zine, this issue includes (among other things) poetry, art, a Manic Street Preachers interview, and an interesting article called "Thoughts about feminism of our day", expressing a woman's confusion over the conflicting sides of her self, and having to conform to either the virgin or the whore stereotype. Send off for this, and if you don't like it, send in your own contributions! (A poem by me, Sina, will be in #6.) 60p + A5 SAE to Scathe, c/o PJ Ansell, 231 Hiltingbury Rd., Chandlers Ford, Eastleigh, Hants, O53 5NJ, UK.

GARBLES #8. I kept hearing about this zine, Ros' cartoons were even compared to my Boy Crazy Boy strips, but lazy sod that I am I never got round to ordering it. But when I saw it at the Caption comix convention recently, I had to have it. Ros' strips are great - about the scabs, fears and daydreams we all have. Also there's a spooky article about insomnia that I could really empathize with. Send two 25p stamps or 2 IRCs or a swap to Ros, 5 New House Close, Canterbury, Kent, CT4 7BQ, UK.

CHAOS/ORDER #1. Met Sarit, the dyke behind this new zine, at the Bell's indie night. The music was mostly boring, so meeting her was a burst of fire amid the darkness, and getting her zine a week later was cool too. Sarit's a very talented cartoonist, and this issue has great strips and articles about lesbian lust, queercore, personal ads, and being a post-teenage groupie! Recommended. 50p + A5 SAE to Sarit, 103 Neville Rd., Stoke Newington, London N16 0SU, UK.

NINEZINE #1. Nine is an Irish girl, "One of those straight mates", and this new zine is kind of a personal diary of the adventures of her and her friends. As well as added poetry, and Nine's expressive, friendly writing style, the amazing thing about Ninezine is that since she has no photocopier, Nine prints up each new copy of NZ on her word-processor. And since this wp can't do graphics, she decorates each copy personally, by hand! My copy had drawings, rubber stamps, a collage made from crap mag "Take A Break", and a photo of a sunset taken from Nine's bedroom window. 50p + A4 SAE to Nine, 44 Craigdarragh rd., Helen's Bay, Co. Down, NORTHERN IRELAND, BT19 1UB, UK.

BRUCE ON A STICK #3. Didn't quite know what to make of this zine when I found it in my PO Box. It's all about Bruce Campbell, B-movie actor, and has part 1 of the Bruce movie checklist, Bruce news & stuff, movie reviews, Noah Taylor and more. The cover has a cute photo of Bruce looking v. camp & hunky, posing butchly with his hands on his hips, dressed as a cowboy, with his horse posing dutifully behind him. \$3 to BOAS, c/o This Disaster Fanzine, PO Box 416, Tarrytown, New York, 10591, USA.

SHAVED ANUS #1. Just got this through the mail this morning. Paul has a rambling style which, he tells me, is purposefully arrogant, so don't get insulted and have a laugh. This zine is totally full of writing... slightly a shame that when I try to read a zine like this I over-heat and explode. Pictures, man, pictures! You can tell I've only just got up, can't you? Paul writes about cottaging, queercore and Compton's, with lots of humorous raging against the Melody Muthafucka and eNeMyE, but my favourite bit is right at the end... Paul and this guy James meet while cruising, snog, undress and then... TALK! It's really sweet and dreamy... 50p + A5 SAE to Paul, 26 Belgrave St., Brighton, BN2 2NS, UK.

BOY TROUBLE #1. Hope I won't be struck down for promoting a zine with me in it! Fag cartoonist Rob Kirby discovered whilst editing the fab queer comix anthology Strange Looking Exile, that there weren't many gay BOYS doing personal/autobiographical strips. So he gathered all the ones he could find together, and here we all are! As well as a couple of strips by MOI (re-printed from BoyCrazyBoy #1) there are - Michael Fahy's hilariously cynical strips; Nick Leonard's strip about a gay comic character who rebels against his homophobic creator; and Christian Schroeder's great, weird comix about growing up gay and having epileptic fits and supernatural visions all at the same time. Rob Kirby illustrates his own strip about the suicide of a lovesick man rejected, as well as Orland Outland's strip about an unsentimental phone conversation about being HIV+, and Jeffery Kennedy's strip about dreaming Madonna was his best friend. I LUV this zine. \$3 to Robert Kirby, PO Box 300061, Mpls, MN, 55403, USA.

*Oh yeah, issue #2 of HORMONE FRENZY is out now, with cool rants and hilarious comix from Mark Connorton, that kitten with a hand grenade. 50p + A5 SAE to HF, PO Box 361, Cambridge, CBI 2BZ, UK.

*Also the incredibly cool Leanne Franson's incredibly cool mini-comix about bi Canadian woman LILLIANE's adventures, are now available in easy-to-get UK editions. £1 + A5 SAE to Leanne, c/o 61 Abbeyfields Close, London, NW10 7EG, UK.

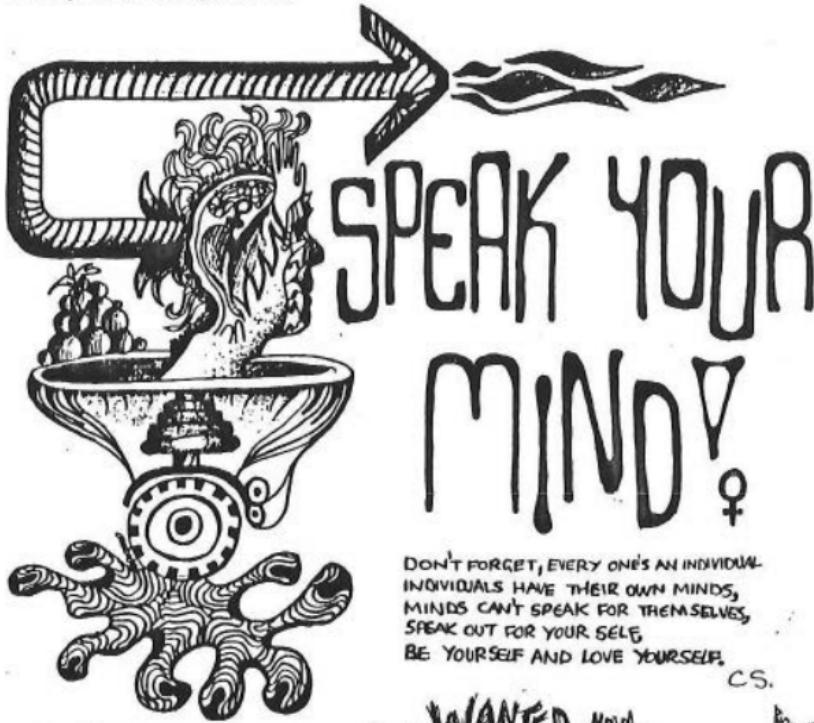
*GIRLFRENZY #5, by women for people, is out now. Lots of writing, lots of comix - of which Sarit Chaos/Order's strip about fancying Sharon from God-Is-My-Co-Pilot is the best (in my opinion.) £2 to Girlfrenzy, PO Box 148, Hove, BN3 3DQ.

*There are two great review zines you can get, which review queerzines too: One is BYPASS, which you can get for £1 + A4 SAE from 21 Cave St., Oxford, OX4 1BA, UK... or send in yr own zine for review (+ stamps or IRCs) and get it free! The other is XEROX HEAVEN, of special note coz it has LOADS of reviews as well as an interview with Kate of famed queerzine Rampaging Teenage Pervert. 80p + 36p stamp A5 SAE to 22 Kingswick Drive, Sunninghill, Ascot, Berkshire, SL5 7BQ, UK.

*Ofcourse the essential guide to British queerzines is QZ. Trust me darlings you can't live without it. For the latest issue send an SAE. A subscription is £1 for four issues. Make cheques payable to PD Cugley. The address is QZ, 255B Banbury Rd., Oxford, OX2 7HN. Send 'em yr own queer or feminist zine to be listed. What? You don't do a queerzine? START ONE NOW!

*QUEER ZINE EXPLOSION is the essential international queerzine guide. For the latest issue send a couple of IRCs to: Larry-Bob, Box 591275, SF, CA 94159-1275, USA. Larry-Bob also does the cool HOLY TITCLAMPS , #13 of which is out now, and costs \$3 (US cash) from the same address.

-If I've slighted anyone or left their zine out, I swear it was unintentional. Pleeze forgive me, I'm only human. LUV, SINA XX



QUEER KIDS
RULE OK!



DON'T FORGET, EVERY ONE'S AN INDIVIDUAL.
INDIVIDUALS HAVE THEIR OWN MINDS,
MINDS CAN'T SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES,
SPEAK OUT FOR YOURSELF,
BE YOURSELF AND LOVE YOURSELF.

CS.

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